

A PIONEER ODYSSEY: Wife Assured Of Husband's Deliverance From Illness

Editor's note: We continue our condensed autobiography of Hannah L. Cornaby, pioneer poetess. In last week's installment, she told of her husband's going to Salt Lake City and becoming seriously ill while there.

AT THIS TIME, I received a letter from a friend in Salt Lake City informing me that if I wished to see my husband alive I must go to him at once; but the difficulties in the way seemed almost insurmountable. The roads were nearly impassable for snow. I was sixty miles from Salt Lake City. The only regular conveyance was by mail wagon, once a week. On applying to the mail carrier, he refused to take me; giving as a reason the impossibility of my baby enduring the cold and necessary exposure of such a journey.

I sought the aid of Bishop Butler, who tried to dissuade me from taking the journey; but finding that I was determined, if possible, to go told me that in a few days some ox teams would go to Salt Lake City with tithing grain; but added that the journey would be attended with much exposure and danger.

This delay was terribly trying; but I was compelled to curb my impatience as best I could. This was the time known as the Reformation Winter. Meetings were frequently held in private houses, and were termed Block Meetings, at which the gifts of the Gospel were much enjoyed such as speaking in tongues, interpretation, and prophesying. These meetings were a great solace to me.

New Year's morning dawned, with the snow so deep around our dwelling that I could scarcely make my way outside. A meeting would be held that day at the next house, on the same block, to which I wished to go; but found it would be impossible to get even this short distance.

While pondering over this difficulty, Brother John P. Chidester called to tell me of the meeting, offering

to carry the children if I wished to go, adding that his wife, Susan, expected us to dinner after the service.

Of course I went to the meeting, which was no sooner opened than the presiding elder, Father John M. Chidester, directed his words to myself; and by the spirit of God uttered a prophecy in which he told me that my husband was alive, and that the crisis of his sickness was past; that he would live to return home; and that for many years we should enjoy each other's society. I knew by the same spirit that what he said was true, and my mind became easier.

On the third day of January, 1857, the teams started for Salt Lake City, and I with them; having arranged to leave my two eldest children in the care of Sister Isabella Rockhill. The first day we traveled twelve miles, reaching Provo at dark. Greatly to my surprise, I met Brother John B. Milner, with whom we became acquainted in crossing the ocean on board the "Ellen Maria." He, with his wife, made me welcome for the night, offering the best accommodation their house afforded. The following night I spent at Lehi, at the house of Elder Robert Winter, my husband's brother-in-law, who accompanied me next day on the journey.



I must mention a very providential deliverance I had that day. We had to pass what is known as the "Point of the Mountain"—the divide separating Utah and Salt Lake valleys. The ascending grade made it impossible for the teams, six in number, to travel without doubling. This slow operation rendered it very tedious sitting so long in the wagon; and I became so benumbed that, following the advice of the teamster, I dismounted and walked on, with my babe well wrapped; but the piercing wind and blinding snow made it hard work; yet necessity compelled me to walk fast to keep from freezing.

This took me so far ahead of the teams that I did not know what to do. I attempted to retrace my steps, but was met by the wind and drifting snow, which I could not face; so continued on. At length I became so exhausted, I thought I must sit down; but knowing this would be death, I prayed to God for help and waded through snow drifted so deep in some places that it was impossible to trace the road. Stupified and benumbed as I was, I wandered into a ravine, sinking down into a deep snowdrift which nearly covered me.

Chairman Named At S.L. Adult Center

The board of trustees of the Brigham Young University Salt Lake Adult Education Center has granted a leave of absence for one year to Lynn M. Hilton, chairman, to permit him to serve as director of the Foreign Language League which has 15 campuses in Europe.

While Dr. Hilton is gone, Keith L. Smith, supervisor, will serve as acting chairman of the Adult Education Center. Mr. Smith has been serving in the center as supervisor of classes for professional educators and classes among LDS stakes. He has been with the school for the past two and one half years.

Dr. Hilton will operate out of the Salt Lake office of the Foreign Language League, 164 E. 3900 South, and will continue to serve as high councilman in the Salt Lake Stake.

The European school, a Utah cooperation, will have schools in Switzerland, France, Germany, Spain, Italy and Denmark, Dr. Hilton said. They started out with 1,920 students on five campuses last summer. Success of the projects with native teachers prompted the addition of 10 more campuses.

Dr. Hilton leaves BYU Adult Education Center, September 1. He has served with the BYU for 12½ years as assistant dean of adult education and chairman of the center.



Keith L. Smith heads BYU Adult Center

West Mountain, Utah County. He will make his home with them during the coming school year.

Les's story is much like that of the other 899 Indian students who will attend Utah and Arizona schools this year. The opportunity comes to them through the Indian Student Placement Program of the Church.

Clare Bishop, director of the placement program, and Mrs. Marianne C. Sharp, representing the general presidency of the Relief Society were in charge of services for the children from the time they left their reservation homes until they were taken to the homes where they will spend the next nine months.

The program is supervised by the General Indian Committee of the Church.

Volunteer doctors, dentists, nurses and Relief Society members were on hand at BYU Medical center where the children had physical and dental checkups.

Relief Society members and social workers from Mr. Bishop's staff aided in other services for the travel-weary children.

The young people, ranging in age from eight years to high school age, came from reservations in southern Utah, Arizona, South Dakota, Idaho, Montana, Washington, Wyoming, Nebraska and Minnesota.

It is the first year the Northwest area tribes have participated, according to Clarence Tuttle, social worker for the area.



Nurse June Geersten gives shot to Leslie Begay who arrived in Utah under the Indian Student Placement Program of the Church to continue his schooling.

Meanwhile, back at the Rindlsbacher farm in West Mountain, Reed and his sons are baling straw. They know by the sun it is past noon.

"Better knock off and get ready to pick Les up," Reed told his sons.

They ran with glad shouts to join the rest of the family for the trip to Provo.

"Les fits so well into our family," Mrs. Rindlsbacher said. "When he came to our home last year he brought music and sunshine with him. Our boys hadn't been interested in their own guitar until he came with us. Then they became musical right away."

Les will be one of the family with Lorraine, Wayne, Paul,

Lynn, Colleen and Becky.

He will enter high school with Paul at Payson High School. He will attend church with the family at West Ward. Last year, he and Paul were officers in Future Farmers of America chapter at their school. They were explorers. Seminary is Les's favorite school subject.

"I love to hunt and fish and so do the Rindlsbachers," he said.

When school is over, Les will go back to Coyote Canyon trading post at Brimhall New Mexico. He will have a reunion there with his father, mother and brother Murphy, sisters Bertha, Evelyn and Leona, all away at school this year and little Jane at home on the reservation.

Editor's note: In 1881, pioneer poetess Hannah Last Cornaby, author of the words to the hymn, "Who's on the Lord's Side?" published a brief autobiography along with some of her poems.

Her well-written account interestingly and vividly describes pioneer life including the events leading to her conversion, the emigration via ship, river boat and covered wagon to Utah and subsequent adventures.

Because of the interest in the pioneers at this season, as Utah's Pioneer Day, July 24, approaches, we are publishing a condensed version of Hannah Cornaby's fascinating life story in 12 weekly installments.

I WAS BORN March 17th, 1822, in Rose Hall, an ancient mansion situated on the banks of the river Waveny, near Beccles, Suffolk, England. My parents were members of the Episcopal, or Established Church, and honored their profession by serving God, according to the light they possessed.

As the years passed on, there seems nothing to record, except that my religious desires deepened and my anxiety to understand the plan of human redemption increased. I attended public worship with my parents, and began to be dissatisfied with the religious tenets they had espoused. My mother was the first to dissent. Attracted by the earnest eloquence of the Rev. Thomas Morell, a Congregationalist minister, she became a member of that denomination, with which she remained satisfied until her death.

When I was about 14 years old a gentleman who lived near us, called to ask if mother could spare me for a short time, as his children, just deprived by death of their mother, had promised, that if I would stay with them, they would not grieve. My mother consented on condition that my health should be carefully studied, and my education continued; and extracted from me a promise that I would not read works of fiction, as she considered them exceedingly pernicious to the young.

One bond of union in this family was the meeting of all its members, morning and evening, for family worship; parents, children, servants and visitors, all met on common ground, to worship God. When all were seated, every one, from the oldest to the youngest, repeated a portion of scripture; one verse at least, giving Book, chapter and verse. The head of the family then read a chapter in the Bible, which was followed by prayer; when all separated to attend to their respective duties.

During the six years' residence in this family, I had the privilege of attending religious meetings, Bible classes, lectures, etc. On the 4th day of June, in the year 1841, I was publicly received as a member of the Congregational Church, under the pastoral care of the Rev. John Flower.

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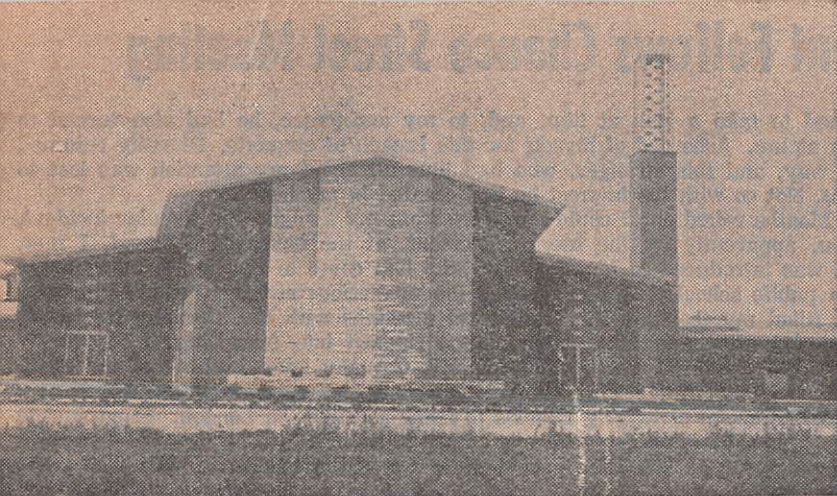
One day I was in the town on business, walking along Market Street, intent only on the errand which called me there, when I met a young man, an entire stranger to me. Now this was nothing remarkable in a busy town like Beccles, nor was there anything remarkable in the appearance of this stranger; but something whispered, "That is your future husband." Surprised at this, I

turned to take a look at him, and, to my annoyance, he had also turned to look at me. Ashamed of myself for this breach of etiquette, I hastily resumed my way, and this stranger, who had thus attracted my attention was lost to sight. Not so with the interest he had created in my heart.

Months rolled on; I could not drive from my thought this singular incident, when, apparently by the merest accident, at the house of a friend, I met, and was introduced to Mr. Cornaby, who had come to Beccles to take charge of a public school . . . I recognized the mysterious stranger, who for months had filled my thoughts . . . Accidental meetings with Mr. Cornaby frequently happened after this. Our acquaintance ripened into friendship.

Three delightful years followed. Mr. Cornaby knew nothing of the sentiment that was filling my life. He had ambitious aspirations for his future; and often spoke of leaving Beccles to enter a college in London. In pursuance of this plan, the time came for our adieus to be said, and he took his departure to London for an indefinite period while I was left to pursue "the even tenor of my way."





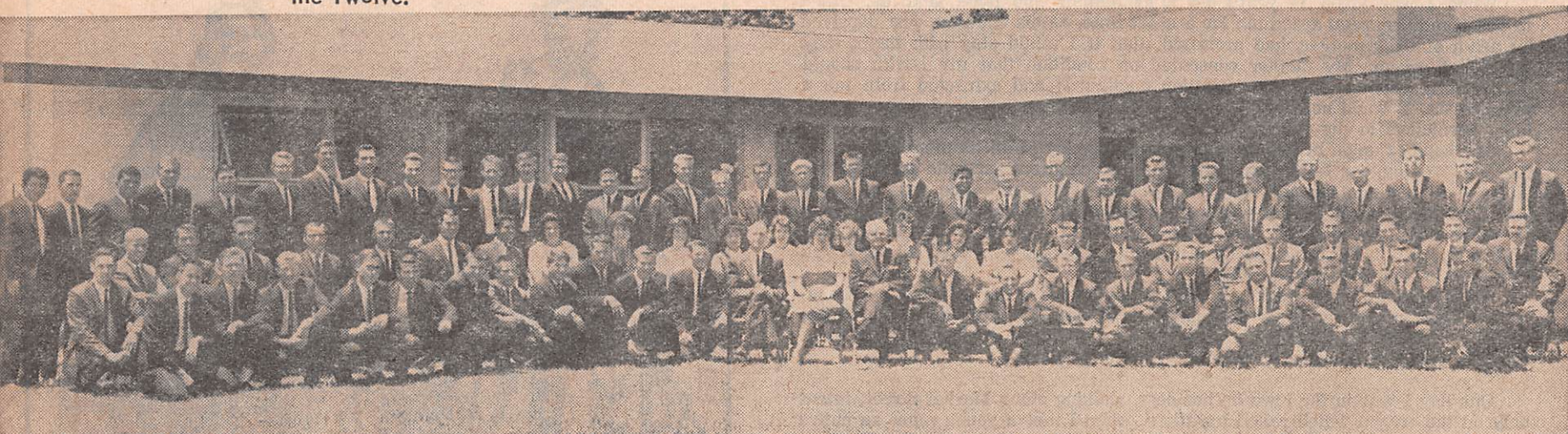
Winder Stake Center Dedicated

Newly completed Winder Stake center and Sixth Ward chapel was dedicated June 7 by Elder Harold B. Lee of the Council of the Twelve.



Benson Stake Building Readied

Crew completes work on Benson Stake - Richmond and South wards building prior to recent dedication by Elder Alma Sonne.



Conference of Spanish American Missionaries was held June 1 in San Antonio, Tex., under direction of Elder Marion G. Romney, seated center, and Pres. Melvin R. Brooks.

Editor's note: We continue the autobiography of Hannah Last Cornaby, pioneer poetess. She continues the narrative of her courtship with Samuel Cornaby.

WE CORRESPONDED frequently, and the letters from London were always welcome; but at length ceased, and weeks of suspense ensued. I then learned that Mr. Cornaby lay dangerously sick of lung fever; but after days of anxious waiting, a letter from himself, written in a trembling hand, told that the doctor pronounced him out of danger, but advised removal to his native air.

During the weeks of convalescence which followed, he visited Beccles; and it was then, while rambling together along the delicious green lanes for which England is so famed, in that loveliest of all months—the leafy month of June—breathing the sweet perfume of hawthorne, honeysuckle and wild rose, I listened to words sweeter to me than all their sweets combined—to the words in which he told his love. This was the first day of June, 1850. Next day he returned to London to continue his interrupted studies.

Shortly afterwards, Mr. Cornaby took a relapse; and London life, with its ambitious hopes of a profession, were alike abandoned.

Leasing a place in Great Yarmouth, Norfolk County, Mr. Cornaby opened a book store and, besides, gave lessons in Phonography; thus finding an occupation which, although not altogether to his taste, promised a livelihood; and on January 30th, 1851, we were married in St. George's Church.

Among the current literature of the day that, in the way of business, passed through our hands, was a series of tracts published by Chambers, one of which, entitled "Religious Impostors," attracted our attention. After giving an account of various religious impostors, it concluded by giving a brief history of Joseph Smith, and a footnote on the last page stated that the editors had heard, since the pamphlet had gone to press, that Joseph Smith had been killed by a mob. They regretted to hear this, for the reason that his fanatical followers would regard him as a martyr, and the delusion would spread.

This was our first introduction to Mormonism. Soon after this, another book came in our way, entitled "The Mormons, Illustrated," published by the Illustrated London News Company. It contained copious extracts from Col. Kane's Lectures Before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania; also from Joseph Smith's teachings. Although the book was written to show the fallacy of "Mormonism," it made a deep impression on my mind. My husband and

I read it together carefully and thoughtfully, and we arose from its perusal satisfied of the divine mission of Joseph Smith.

For some time previous to this, the foundation of my religious faith had been shaken. Accustomed as I was to read my Bible, it was impossible not to see many discrepancies between the teachings of the religious sects and those of the Saviour; most of all, the lack of promised signs which were to follow believers.

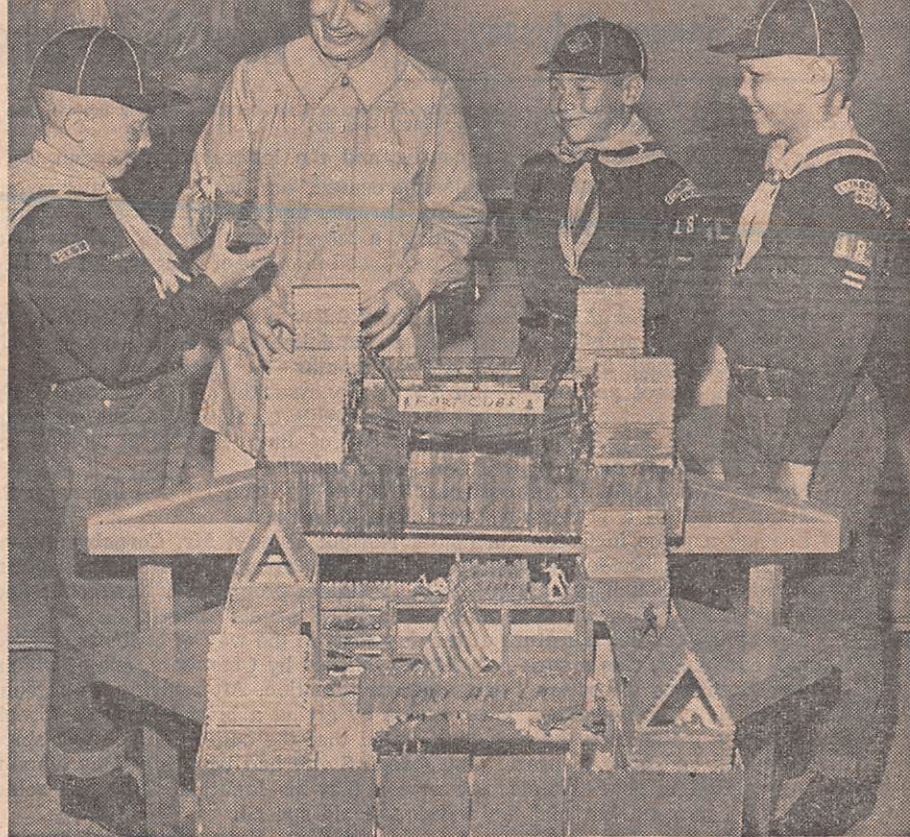
It was the beginning of February, 1852, on a cold stormy evening, that, looking out at the door to watch the progress of the storm, I saw a man sheltering under the awning in front of our store. I invited him to come inside for better protection from the weather, which he did, expressing his thanks, but assuring me that if I knew who he was I probably would not welcome him under my roof.





Denver Scouts Earn 'Wings'

Three Scouts of Troop 148, Denver Stake, are congratulated by Elder Antoine R. Ivins on receiving Eagle awards, from left, Baltzar Jacobson, Robert Higgenson, Scoutmaster Jerry Higgenson, Gregg Olsen, Elder Ivins.



Cubs Give Forts To Hospital

Two pioneer forts made of Popsicle sticks are presented to Maggie B. Rowe of Primary Children's Hospital by Cub Scouts Randy Wood, David Stout, Brad Bunker of Grant Ninth Ward, S.L.

Week Ending June 27, 1964 CHURCH-15

Editor's note: We continue our condensation of the autobiography of Hannah Last Cornaby, in last week's installment, she told of meeting a mysterious stranger in front of the bookstore site and her husband operated in Great Yarmouth, England.

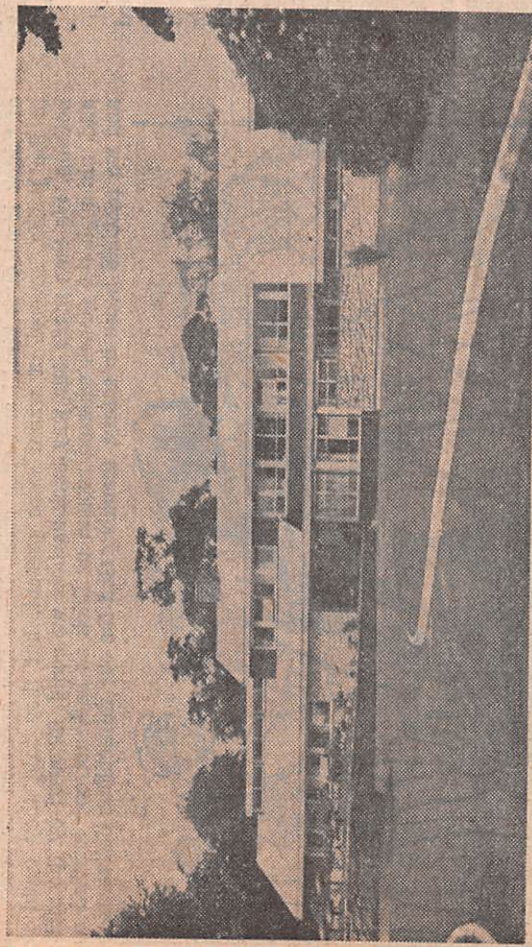
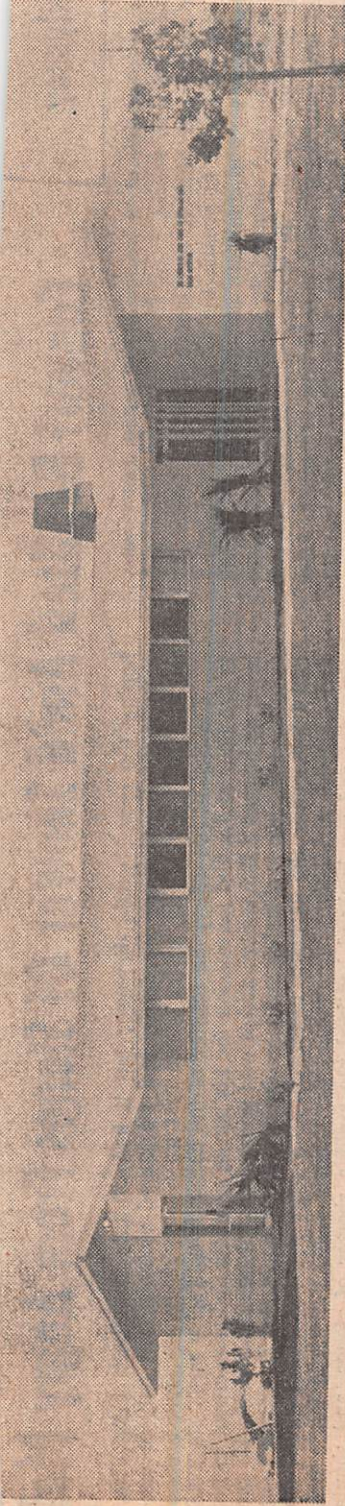
HE stranger then introduced himself as George Day, a Latter-day Saint Elder, who had been sent to preach the Gospel in that town. I remarked, that I thought we had ministers enough already to preach the gospel; he replied, none of them had authority to preach; but he had been sent with authority as the Saviour sent his disciples. I then hastened to call my husband, who received him courteously, and invited him to supper. After supper, he spent the evening with us, telling of the Latter-day work; we listened with great interest until bed-time. We procured lodging for him at a hotel near by, and he breakfasted with us next morning. Before he left, he made an appointment, at our request, to call again that evening and preach to us, we promising to call in our near neighbors to hear him.

Evening came, and with it Elder Day and the friends we had invited. He preached and we believed, and thought it impossible for anyone who heard it to do otherwise; but with our neighbors, it was different; they could scarcely refrain from abusing him and us, and called us fools for listening to such lies. When Elder Day left, we gave him permission to make our house his home, when he had no other. This meeting caused a great hue and cry, and parsons and others coming to hear about this new religion, we could do little else than answer questions. It was such a sudden turn of affairs, we hardly knew what to do; our friends became enemies; we were persecuted and annoyed in many ways. Now, if we walked along the streets, we met no kindly greeting, but were pointed out as "Saints," and sometimes stoned. Others believed, and a few were baptized when Elder Claudius V. Spencer, then president of the Norwich Conference, came and organized a branch of the Church in the town of Great Yarmouth. Elder Spencer removed a few lingering doubts from my husband's mind, and he was baptized and confirmed. I, too, desired baptism, but the birth of our first child delayed it for a time. As soon as my health would admit, I renewed my request for baptism. A time was appointed to attend to this ordinance. I left my babe in the care of a nurse whom I could trust, and proceeded to a house near the seaside, where we met to make preparations. We found the house surrounded by a mob, through which we with difficulty made our way, amid oaths and threats of what would be done if any attempt were made to go into the water. We waited until near midnight,

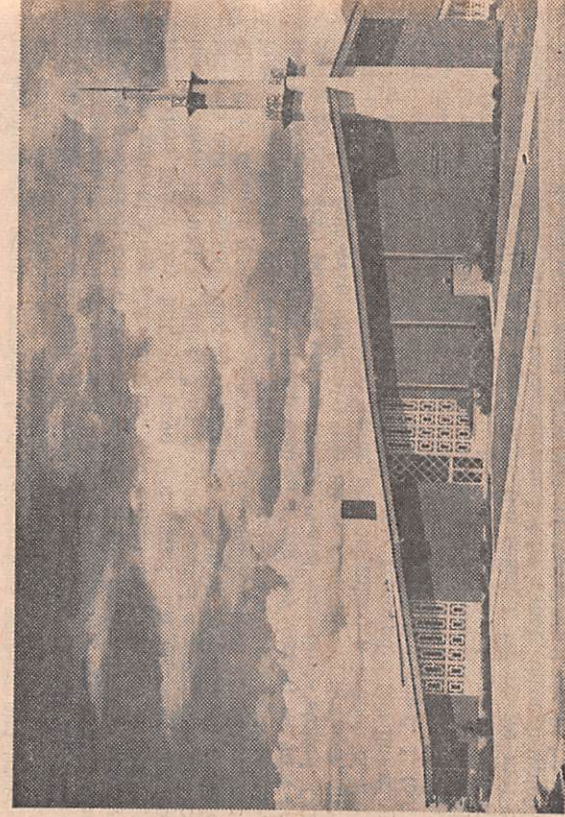
hoping the crowd would disperse; but it had all this time been increasing, until it numbered many hundreds, and we feared violence, not only to ourselves, but to the family, under whose roof we were waiting.

Wearied of the delay, the master of the house thought of a ruse. He went to the door and asked permission for his son to pass through the crowd to his boat, as he was a fisherman, and it was necessary that he should sail with the outgoing tide. My husband, previously dressed in the son's clothes, stepped out and I followed in the darkness unnoticed. They soon discovered that their prey had escaped, and before we reached the water's edge, the whole horde was upon us; and my husband baptized me amid a shower of stones, and shouts of "duck him! duck him!" and such cries. Elder Day appealed for protection to the police, several of whom were present, but they said they could do nothing. We then made our way back as best we could, followed by the mob; and, although the stones whizzed around us thick as hail, not one touched us, and we reached home in safety, thanking God for our miraculous deliverance.





New 'Home' Occupied In England
 "Cotswold," newly completed Central British Mission headquarters, is now occupied by Pres. Joy F. Dunion and staff.



Week Ending July 4, 1964

Elder Thomas S. Mc
Logan 15th Ch
 (Below) Logan 1
 Ward-Cache Stake
 ter dedicated June
 by Elder Marion
 Romney.

Editor's note: We continue our condensed version of the autobiography of Hannah Last Cornaby. Last week, she told how she and her husband were converted to Mormonism.

WE CAUGHT the spirit of gathering and felt that England was no longer our home. My husband went and advised our parents of the intended departure; and they, although believing us deluded, yet gave us their blessing and their prayers, with many substantial proofs of their undying affection.

On the ninth day of January, 1853, we left Norwich. After our arrival at New Orleans, we took passage on board the steamer, "Rob Roy." Our voyage to St. Louis was unmarked by anything worthy of note. The season being too early for us to proceed up the river, we were compelled to remain in St. Louis several weeks.

Many of the brethren procured work at the different employments suited to their varied abilities. My husband obtained work in the book-binding connected with the "Missouri Republican" office, the money he thus earned enabling us to procure many little extras, in addition to the company allowance. We were traveling in what was called the ten pound company. When about to leave, the proprietors offered Mr. Cornaby great inducements to stay; but all they possessed would not have weighed a feather in the balance; Utah was our goal.

We proceeded from St. Louis to Keokuk in the steamer "Kate Kearney"; arriving there late in the day, we were obliged to shelter for the night in a large warehouse on the levee, without any accommodation but that afforded by our luggage.

Next morning, we proceeded to our camp on the brow of a hill overlooking the Missouri River. Here we found our wagons and tents. We had just placed our baggage in the wagons; some were making awkward attempts at erecting tents while others were trying to place the covers on the wagons, some of which obstinately refused to reach over at both ends, when we were struck by a furious storm of wind and rain, accompanied by thunder and lightning such as we had never heard or seen before.

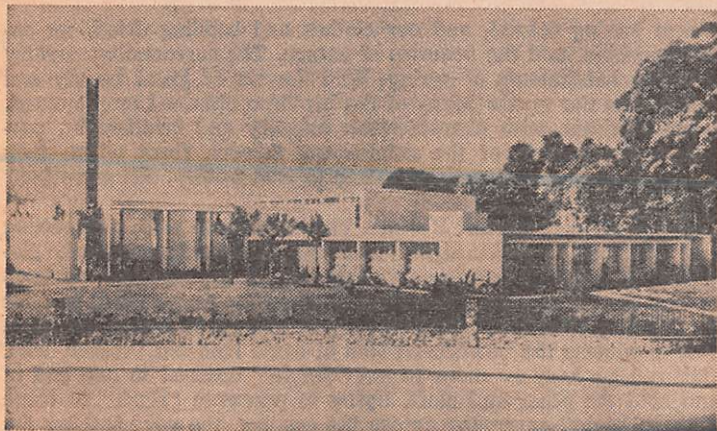
The storm raged with such fury that we feared the wagons would be upset, and after the wind had subsided, the rain poured down incessantly three days and nights, our luggage and bedding becoming thoroughly soaked, and the campground ankle deep with mud. Under these circumstances my second child was prematurely born. A serious illness followed, but through the mercy of God, and the tender care of my husband, I recovered.

During our stay here of one month, awaiting the arrival of the oxen and cows for our journey, we became somewhat familiarized with camp life. Our

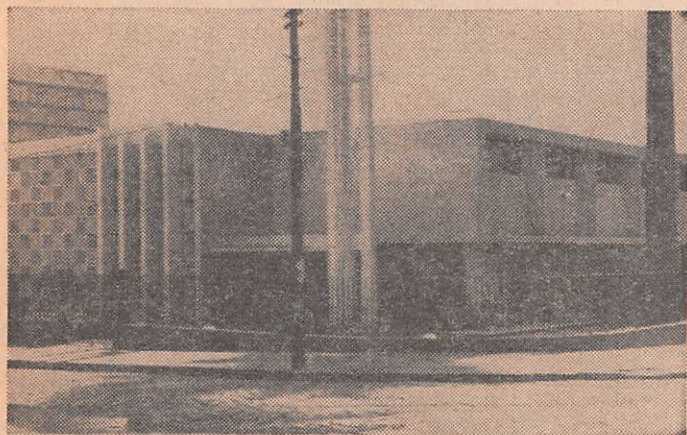
introductory storm having ceased, and our clothes and bedding dried, we enjoyed the genial sunshine, and the beauties of nature. The surrounding country was delightful in the habiliments of spring. Wild flowers of great beauty and variety were profuse in the woods. Many of the brethren obtained employment. Our Scandinavian brethren, with characteristic industry and forethought, purchased trees from the owners of the neighboring forests, from which they manufactured a variety of useful articles. Time passed swiftly. All were busy preparing for the journey.

Our oxen having arrived, we left Keokuk. The oxen were wild, and getting them yoked was the most laughable sight I had ever witnessed; everybody giving orders, and nobody knowing how to carry them out. If the men had not been Saints, there would doubtless have been much profane language used; but the oxen, not understanding "English," did just as well without it. But it did seem so truly comical to witness the bewildered look of some innocent brother, who, after having labored an hour or more to get "Bright" secured to one end of the yoke, would hold the other end aloft, trying to persuade "Buck" to come under, only to see "Bright" careening across the country, the yoke lashing the air, and he not even giving a hint as to when he intended to stop.





Pinheiros Chapel



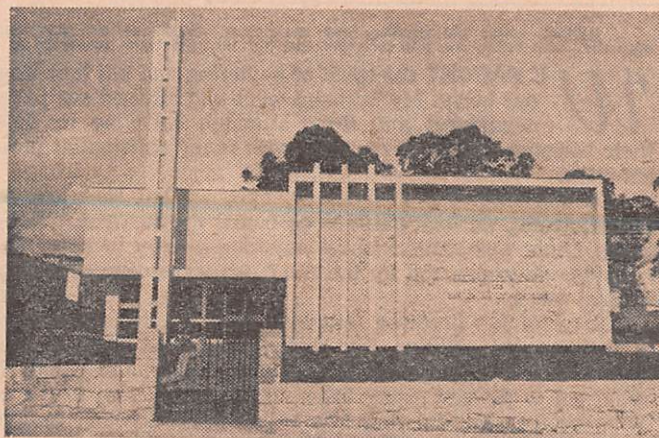
Campinas Chapel

Brazil Rites

Dedicate

4 New Chapels

Four recently completed meeting houses in Sao Paulo, were dedicated by Pres. Wayne M. Beck of the Brazilian Mission. All four were erected under the Church Builder program at a cost of \$100,000 each. Arthur T. Allen, supervisor of Church construction in South America, and Floyd Johnson, construction supervisor in Brazil, attended the dedications.



Santo Amaro Chapel



Santana Chapel

Editor's note: We continue our condensed version of the autobiography of Hannah L. Cornaby. In last week's installment, she told of leaving England with a group of converts to Mormonism, of their arrival in America and of their start across the plains to Utah via covered wagon.

IMAGINE, if you can, the operation of starting over one hundred ox teams, chiefly by men who had never done anything of the kind before; but through the controlling power and ability of Captain Cyrus H. Wheelock, even this was accomplished; and we performed the journey of 400 miles from Keokuk to Council Bluffs in one month and two days, reaching there the third of July.

Our road lay through a broken, sparsely settled country, much of the way through clearings in the woods, the stumps of the trees still standing, and sometimes through swamps and morasses; but by the blessing of God, we performed the journey with but trifling accidents. At Council Bluffs we stayed a few days to make final preparations for our long, long journey across the plains. There we made our first acquaintance with Indians, purchasing some moccasins of them, which we found much more comfortable than shoes in dry weather.

We were enabled, by selling some of our surplus clothing, to provide ourselves with many little comforts, and even what were then considered luxuries. Among other things, we purchased a good supply of groceries, an extra tent and some cooking utensils, also a lamp and oil, which we used to good advantage when the train halted a few days for repairs, etc. My husband also procured a good outfit of fishing tackle, and being an expert angler, supplied our "table" with wholesome fish.

By a little forethought and management, the daily routine of camp life was by no means irksome. I often think that the weeks spent crossing the plains were as full of instruction and interest as any part of our lives. Admiring nature, we had abundant opportunities of beholding its varied beauties. Especially did we admire the flowers—growing in some places in great profusion—handfuls of which daily adorned the wagon and delighted our child, which was in the care of a sister, who was too feeble to walk. The delicious wild fruits met with at different stages of the journey were much relished, and afforded a wholesome variety to our diet.

In consequence of the wagons being heavily loaded, all who were able walked. It was a very interesting sight each morning to see our company break camp; the long train of wagons stretching itself out like a huge snake and winding its slow length along the boundless prairies.

Those on foot, starting ahead of the train, presented a motley appearance in their travel-worn dress, walking in groups, chatting, singing, laughing, talk-

ing principles and politics, or passing jokes as the case might be, all care being left behind. Some might be seen rambling on the prairies gathering flowers, others picking berries; sometimes an inviting stream would present itself, when fishing tackle would be in requisition. Those who were expert at hunting would go in quest of game, and would sometimes supply our camp with fresh meat.

At night, when we camped, the wagons were drawn in a circle for protection, also forming a corral into which the oxen could be driven to be yoked. The teams, being unyoked, were driven to grass by the herdsmen, who guarded them through the night. Our camp presented a busy scene, some gathering fuel (which consisted mostly of either "buffalo chips" or sage brush), some bringing water, others building fires and preparing supper, or baking bread for next day's journey.

After supper, groups could be seen around the camp fires, singing the songs of Zion, talking of bygone days, or the hopes of the future, until the bugle call for prayers, when all except the guards (for we watched as well as prayed) retired to rest.





Scout Sees LBJ

Kenneth Nutter, Eagle Scout of Madison Ward, Wis., represented Four Lakes Council in BSA report to U.S. President.



Arizona Chapel Dedicated

Elder Delbert L. Stapley of the Council of the Twelve recently dedicated the Lehi Ward meetinghouse, Mesa, Ariz.



Scouts In East Cache Stake Win Awards

A Court of Honor in East Cache Stake, Utah, presented Eagle and Palm awards to youths pictured here with Scout officials: K. Morrison, D. Suisse, R. Seamons, S. Waite, S. Daines, M. Daines, R. Douglas, D. Neilson, D. Henrie, D. Stowell.



Beaver Eagles

Recently awarded Eagle medals in Beaver Stake Utah, went to 11 boys: D. Stapley, H. Murdock, M. Fotherington, R. Dalton, R. Cox, R. Carter, V. Packard, D. Harris. Not shown: R. Smith, R. Baker, S. Atkin.

Editor's note: We continue our condensed version of the autobiography of Hannah L. Cornaby, pioneer poetess. In this installment, she continues her description of the journey across the plains to Utah via covered wagon.

WHILE traveling along the Platte River, through the Sioux Indian country, buffalo were abundant. We sometimes saw immense herds of them a short distance from our line of travel. Here we often met with Sioux Indians, who were quite friendly, and on one occasion we camped near one of their villages where we held a big pow-wow, smoked the pipe of peace, and paid them a tribute of sugar and flour for the privilege of traveling through their domain. We also purchased from them buffalo robes and fried meat.

Reaching Fort Laramie, we made a short halt when many Indians visited our camp; the squaws being particularly anxious to exchange their commodities for groceries, etc. I remember one squaw in particular who took quite an interest in our dear little daughter; measured her foot, and next day returned with a very tastily embroidered pair of moccasins which she placed upon her feet, refusing to take anything in payment.

During our journey we passed and repassed other companies of saints traveling to the "valleys" and we had an opportunity of exchanging news.

As we neared the Pacific Springs, the pleasurable part of our journey came to an end; provisions became scarce, the grass failed, and many of our oxen died; some wagons were abandoned, and the contents cached, or buried; we also encountered some heavy snow storms at the Springs, when our buffalo robes came in requisition.

When at length, from the top of the Little Mountain, we caught a first glimpse of the "Valley," our delight and gratitude found vent in tears of unfeigned joy, and when, on the morning of the 12th of October, 1853, we emerged from the mouth of Emigration Canyon and beheld the "City of the Saints," we felt more than repaid for the nine months of travel and all the hardships we had endured.

We seemed to inhale the restful spirit of the beautiful city, spread out in peaceful loveliness before us. The neat adobe houses with their trim gardens, the crystal streams coursing along the sidewalks, giving life to avenues of shade trees, all aglow with the lovely tints of autumn, presented a picture that is indelibly fixed upon our minds. Everything we saw so far surpassed our most sanguine expectations that we could say, in the language of the Queen of Sheba, "The half was not told me."

With these feelings we entered Salt Lake City, and encamped on Union Square; thankful that our lives had been preserved, and that now we could rest after our long journey; for I had walked the entire distance from Council Bluffs—more than one thousand miles!





UTAH'S CAPITOL IN BEAUTIFUL SETTING /

Building is symbol of progressiveness of Beehive State

Editor's note: We continue our condensed version of the autobiography of Hannah L. Cornaby, pioneer poetess. In the first installment, she told of her arrival in Salt Lake Valley after crossing the plains via covered wagon.

AS OUR CAMP LIFE was over, my husband went in search of a house, and rented one near where he had obtained employment, in the Eighth Ward. Here we met with Bishop Everett and wife, very kind persons, who enquired into our circumstances and offered any assistance we might require.

We remained in this ward only three weeks, Mr. Cornaby having engaged to teach school in the Seventeenth Ward. We rented a log cabin, opposite the schoolhouse, soon making the acquaintance of Bishop Joseph L. Heywood and his amiable family.

Another pleasant memory of this time was the kindness of Judge Elias Smith—one of the school trustees—cheering us occasionally with a friendly call, or inviting us to his house; sometimes paying the teacher with his own means when other funds were not on hand.

On the 29th of August, 1854, our son, whom we named Samuel Last, was born in the little log cabin. My husband was still teaching school, and I can remember what numbers of the scholars came to see our new baby—some bringing presents for him.

In the spring of 1855, we built a house, and in July moved into it. Those who have passed through a similar experience can imagine, better than I can describe, our feelings the first day we spent under our own roof. The small harvest of this year, (caused by the ravages of grasshoppers), brought to the people fears of famine, which in the fall began to be felt. We tried to prepare for the impending scarcity; but building our house prevented us doing so. This made us feel anxious, but we knew that the Lord had promised to provide; and casting our care upon Him, tried (as we were not actually suffering), not to look into the future.

In October, our children were taken very sick, and not being acquainted with the diseases of this country, we did not know how to treat them, but here the experience and kindly aid of Sister S. M. Heywood were invaluable to us.

All this time the famine was creeping on, making itself felt. It was a gloomy time, even bread becoming scarce. Flour was ten dollars per hundred pounds, and difficult to obtain at that price.

My husband's school term being ended, he presented his bills, but could obtain very little flour. He took a bill of six dollars to Pres. George A. Smith, two of whose children had attended school; but did so rather reluctantly, knowing his incessant public labors.

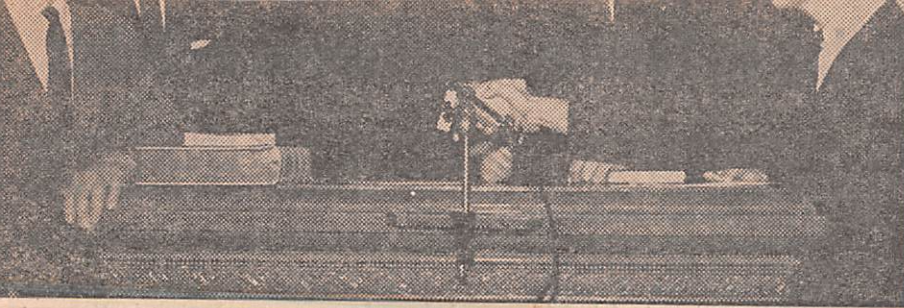
But with great gravity, Bro. Smith told him he had nothing to pay him but flour, adding that he would be compelled to charge six dollars per hundred. Watching Mr. Cornaby's countenance, he seemed much amused at the look of surprise and wonder depicted there.

This unexpected and providential supply, used with economy, lasted us the greater part of the winter.

During this time of scarcity, our beloved president, Brigham Young, encouraged the saints to faithfulness and dependence on our Father in Heaven; promising them in the name of Israel's God, that none who would live their religion should die of starvation.

We believed this, and in the weeks following, found that our daily bread was given us; though sometimes in a manner as miraculous as the feeding of Elijah by the ravens.





7 Bishops At Ninth Ward Reunion

Ben B. Banks, present Ninth Ward bishop, Salt Lake City, greets six former bishops who met at ward reunion.



Cubs Aid Clothing Fund

Cub Scouts of the Berkeley First Ward, Berkeley, Calif., recently raised \$10 in a paper drive to provide clothes for Primary Children's Hospital patient.



164 Missionaries Gather At Belfast Chapel

Missionaries from Ulster, Eire and the Isle of Man met in Holywood Road chapel in Belfast, Ireland, for Irish Mission conference with Pres. and Mrs. Mark E. Petersen of West European Mission.

Editor's note: We continue our condensed autobiography of Hannah L. Cornaby, pioneer poetess. Last week's installment told of the beginning of a famine in Salt Lake Valley.

IN MARCH 1856, we commenced digging roots on the bottom lands of the Fourth and Fifth Wards.

These roots were a species of wild artichoke, and about the size and shape of a person's finger. Their whereabouts was indicated by a small withered spray, resembling dried mint. They tasted much like the cultivated artichoke, and were very wholesome. When boiled, and served with thickened milk or gravy, they were quite palatable, and we often made a meal of them (without the accompaniments of meat or bread) with thankful hearts. Sometimes visiting and receiving company on this fare, we enjoyed each other's society, and "talked of the good time coming."

On the twenty-first of March, we passed through the Endowment House. Those who have enjoyed the privilege can appreciate the blessing it was to us at this time. Having left all for the Gospel's sake, we were repaid a hundred fold.

I recollect how happy we felt next morning, as we joined a company going to dig roots. The warm rays of the spring sun seemed to diffuse gladness all around; everybody seemed cheerful; I was as free from care as the birds; and like them, wanted to praise the Creator for all His goodness.

In April, Thomas Callister (by this time bishop of the Seventeenth Ward) organized a company to go to Provo to catch fish for the ward. My husband was among the men chosen for this expedition. It proved a success, and was a great help to me as well as to the people generally.

Measures were also adopted by all the bishops to ascertain who had more than sufficient breadstuff to last until harvest; many families who had a surplus observed the most rigid economy, placing themselves on half rations, and some even on quarter rations to help out those who had none. The surplus was disbursed by the bishops to those in the greatest need, the owners being amply remunerated. Although many were reduced to great extremities, no one died of starvation.

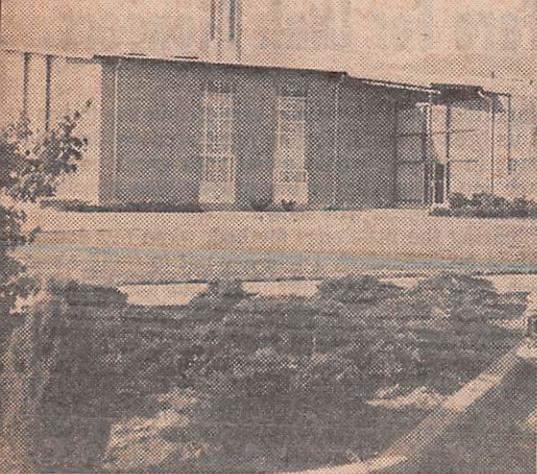
Before leaving for Provo, my husband planted a few early garden seeds; others did the same, and it seemed as if the Lord blessed the people in this respect. Even the early salads gave hope, until more substantial vegetables would be ready.

I remember how contented I felt, for day to day, if only my children had enough to satisfy their need; but it sometimes happened that the last morsel was eaten, with no prospect of another meal before us. The children, sometimes

hungry, and beginning to understand the value of prayer, would coax me to pray to our Father in Heaven to send us bread; and I, feeling most anxious that my darlings should not lose confidence in prayer, would plead with great earnestness, they lisping the words after me. Many times the prayer was answered almost immediately, as the following instances will show.

It was evening, I was just preparing the little ones for bed, when my daughter, Edith, asked what we should do for breakfast. I told her not to think about breakfast, as she had had supper, and was not hungry then; but she reasoned that we had better tell the Lord that we had nothing for breakfast. So kneeling down with them, one on either side of me, I told our Father what we needed, and was just putting them to bed when a knock summoned me to the door. A neighbor came in with a large parcel in her arms and said that she wanted to write a letter to her husband, then on a mission to the Sandwich Islands; not having writing materials, she had come to see if I could supply her with some and offered, with apologies, a loaf of bread in payment. I supplied sister P— with what she wanted, and she departed, satisfied and pleased, leaving me more thankful than words can describe.





Elder John Longden, Assistant to the Council of the Twelve, dedicated \$340,000 building for 12th and 22nd Wards in Bountiful July 19.



Mrs. Jerrine Wilkerson, Citrus Heights Ward, North Sacramento Stake, has received Golden Gleaner Award.



Gen. Supt. G. Carlos Smith of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association; Elder Marion D. Hanks of the First Council of Seventy, and Presiding Bishop John H. Vandenberg, standing back, were among those attending Boy Scout Jamboree at Valley Forge, Pa.

A PIONEER ODYSSEY:

Home-Made Delicacies Please Children At Christmas

Editor's note: We continue our condensed autobiography of Hannah L. Cornaby, pioneer poetess. Last week's installment told of experiences during the winter famine of 1855-56.

ON the 27th of July, while rejoicing in the prospect of coming plenty, we received an increase to our family, in the form of a lovely infant boy whom we named Henry.

During my husband's stay in the country, he had seen the advantages of owning land and raising grain for ourselves, without having, as in the city, to depend on others. In a few weeks, he started for Spanish Fork to seek a new home; having heard while in Provo, of the advantages it offered to new settlers; namely, plenty of land, with a good supply of water. This was in August, 1856.

Bishop John L. Butler, who was presiding in Spanish Fork, seemed quite anxious that my husband should locate there; offering inducements, and helping him to select a building lot. The bishop's fatherly manner, and the meeting with friends and kindred spirits, turned the balance in favor of Spanish Fork as our future home.

On the 26th of October, 1856, we left Salt Lake City, with all its advantages, to "rough it" in the country. For a time we felt the change very much; and especially did our children, who would cry to be taken home.

Spanish Fork was a new settlement, having been but recently surveyed for a town site, and at this time, consisted principally of large wheat stacks, temporary dwellings, and houses in course of erection. The huge wheat stacks had a great attraction for us, who had so recently passed through a famine.

We rented a house, purchased a good building site,



and built a small room in which to winter. This had just been accomplished, when my husband was taken very sick; but recovered in a month sufficiently to take a journey to Salt Lake City on business. He had but just reached his destination, when unfortunately he took a heavy chill and became entirely prostrated by rheumatic and lung fever. He was staying in the First Ward with friends, however, who kindly cared for him for many

weeks, by which act they bound our hearts to them in gratitude.

Meanwhile, I had remained in ignorance of his sickness, daily expecting him home—the letters sent to inform me of his condition, not reaching their destination. My situation all this time was by no means enviable. The weather was very cold, and our temporary house afforded but poor protection from its severity. Mr. Cornaby, expecting to return in a few days, had left but little in store, and it was soon exhausted. With three helpless children, I had much need of fortitude, but was never left without a resource—my trust being in Israel's God, who has never failed me.

The recent famine experience had taught me economy, and the little I could procure from the sale of some clothing, enabled us to live. I could have made our condition known, and have received help, but delicacy forbade; so I made the best of the situation, exerting myself unceasingly for the helpless little ones.

Christmas Eve came, and my darlings, with childish faith, hung up their stockings, wondering if Santa Claus would fill them. With aching heart, which I concealed from them, I assured them they would not be forgotten and they fell asleep with joyful anticipations for the morrow.

Not having a particle of sweetening, I knew not what to do. They must not, however, be disappointed. I then thought of some squashes in the house, which I boiled, then strained off the liquid, that when simmered a few hours, made a sweet syrup. With this, and a little spice, I made gingerbread dough which, when cut into every conceivable variety of design, and baked in a skillet, (I had no stove) filled their stockings and pleased them as much as would the most fancy confectionaries.

Past Champion Softball Teams To Enter Tourney

Three of the four championship teams from last year's All-Church Softball Tournament will be back competing in this year's tourney next week at George Q. Morris Park, 2200 South 2nd West in Salt Lake City.

Returning will be Palmdale, Mojave Stake, in the senior fast pitch; Plain City Second, Farr West Stake, senior slow pitch and Crystal Heights, Highland Stake, junior slow pitch. Chandler 2nd, Mesa Stake, 1963 junior fast pitch winner and holder of the title three years in a row, was eliminated by El Paso Ward, El Paso Stake, (Texas) during the recent regional tournament.

Among the states having representatives to begin play Monday will be Arizona, New Mexico, California, Nevada, Utah, Idaho, Washington, Oregon and Canada.

Dale R. Curtis, tournament chairman for the YMMIA Athletic Committee, said interest has been high this year. The park has never looked better and facilities, with increased seating, is ready for the players and visitors.

Elder Delbert L. Stapley, of the Council of the Twelve, chairman of the General Priesthood Softball Committee, will be speaker at the banquet Monday at 6:30 p.m. at the Terrace, 464 S. Main.

NEW YORK — The Mormon Pavilion at the New York World's Fair registered its two-millionth visitor last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Moore and three of their seven children, of East Orange, N.J., passed through the entrance and were greeted by Elder Bernard P. Brockbank, managing director of the pavilion and Assistant to the Council of the Twelve. He declared one member of the Moore family to be the two-millionth visitor to the temple replica since the fair opened. The mark came on the 112th day, when total attendance at Flushing

Meadow stood near 20 million.

Elder Brockbank presented the Moore family with a gold-embossed copy of the Book of Mormon, inscribed "two-millionth visitor." Then they were taken on a tour of the pavilion, after which they described the exhibit as "lovely" and "inspiring."

Mr. Moore is an insurance salesman. He and his family are members of the Catholic Church. The Mormon Pavilion was the first exhibit they toured after passing through the main gate. It was also their first visit to the fair.

London Temple Duty Ended

Pres. Selvoy J. Boyer has completed a six - year tour of duty in the London Temple.

The former British Mission president was released a few days short of his six-year anniversary as temple president. He assumed his duties Aug. 28, 1958, ten days before President David O. McKay dedicated the temple on Sept. 7. Mrs. Boyer served with him as temple matron.

There has been a steady increase in temple work among the members in Great Britain and Norway, which is the only North European country included in the London Temple territory.

Total ordinances increased by 2,000 this year over last year.

mation of stakes and division of missions in the British Isles have done much to stimulate temple work.

"As soon as they get a stake and organize Genealogical Society departments, temple work increases," said Pres. Boyer.

"Missions also are doing good work in the temple. The Irish Mission brought 60 members to the temple the week before we were released. Nearly 100 members came from Norway this year compared to 60 last year."

Three sessions go through the temple on special days. The last session nearly doubled capacity in the temple to honor Pres. and Mrs. Boyer. Particular

honor was given Mrs. Boyer who has not missed a temple session during their six - year tour of duty.

Interest in temple work is growing among 50,000 members in the eight missions and six stakes which were all part of the single British Mission when the Boyers opened the temple. There were 16,000 members in the same area at that time. Temple recommends have increased from 200 in 1958 to 3,800 in 1964.

The beautiful temple grounds are a prominent tourist attraction. Between 2,500 and 3,000 visitors tour every month. Two missionaries act as guides and lecture on temple work.



Selvoy J. Boyer
... released